But I disdain it, and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day, my foote cloth horse did stumble,
And startled when he lookt vpon the tower,
As loath to beare me to the slaughterhouse.
Oh, now I want the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I tolde the Pursuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies:
How they at Pomfret bloudily were butcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret Margaret: now thy heauy curse,
Is lighted on poore Hastings wretched head.
Cat. Dispatch my Lo: the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken sayler on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head,
They smile at me that shortly shalbe dead. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Glocester and Buckingham in armour.

Glo. Come Cosen, canst thou quake and change thy co-
Murther thy breath in middle of a word, (lour?
And then beginne againe, and stop againe,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfait the deepe Tragedian:
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery side:
Intending deepe suspition, gastly lookes
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lo: Maior.
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reason we haue sent for you,
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the wals.

Buck.

Buck. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.
Buc. God and our innocence defend vs. *Enter Catesby*
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby. *with Hast. head.*
Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The daungerous and vnsuspected Hastings.
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man, that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the plainest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a christian,
Looke ye my Lo: Maior.
Made him my booke, wherein my soule recorded,
The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smoothe he daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparant open guilt omitted:
I meane his conuersation with Shores wife,
He laid from all attainder of suspect.
Buck. Well well, he was the couertst sheltred traitor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, wert not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? The subtile traitor
Had this day plotted in the councell house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Glocester.
Maior. What, had he so?
Glo. What thinke you we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we would against the forme of lawe,
Proceede thus rashly to the villaines death;
But that the extreame perill of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons safety
Inforst vs to this execution.
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded
To warne false traitours from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistresse Shore.
Dut. Yet had not we determined he should die,
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,